

# The Dessert

## TO THE TRUE AMERICAN.

No. 21.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 1, 1798.

VOL. I.

### LINNÆUS'S DREAM.

LINNÆUS, whose fame has spread throughout all Europe, had spent many days in examining and classing those wonderful plants which he had collected from the craggy mountains of Norway. He admired their beauty and structure, but knew not their use; nor was he able accurately to determine what place they held in the vegetable creation. He saw much was to be known, and lamented his ignorance;— whilst the world was admiring him as a prodigy and father of science;— nor could he forbear bitterly bewailing the shortness of life, which puts a stop to philosophical inquiries, and renders it almost impossible to attain even the smallest degree of perfection, in any one branch of knowledge. “Alas,” said he, “why is man’s existence circumscribed within such narrow bounds; and, why, surrounded as he is with the glorious works of God, is he permitted to know so little of them? Scarcely are we born into the world, scarce do we acquire skill to perceive what is most worthy our notice, before we are snatched away, and hurried to the grave, leaving our undertakings unfinished, and in the hands of those, who either have not skill to carry them on, or chuse some other pursuits.”

His thoughts distressed him, but still he retained that humble acquiescence to the will of the Supreme Being, which is ever inseparable from a truly philosophic mind:—he knew that whatever the Author of Nature appointed was certainly right and good. Humbled therefore, but not discontented or repining, he retired to rest, and in the visions of the night was instructed.

He fancied himself busied in searching for some extraordinary plants which he had long desired to be possessed of, and that he had wandered insensibly to one of the most delightful spots in all Norway. It was the brow of an high mountain: the vast ocean was before him, on which appeared with swelling sails, a large fleet, passing to convey the products of the north to the more pleasing regions of the south; and on the part, through a vale bounded on each side by craggy rocks, was seen the adjacent country, which the warm season, just begun, had clad in all its verdure. Beyond a river that bent its course through rich pastures filled with cattle, appeared to the right a large and populous town, over which the rising ground exhibited to the view, corn fields, and all the variety of a well watered country: and to the left a thick wood, through a large opening whereof (formed by nature) was seen the ruins of an ancient castle, heretofore the seat of Gothic valor. Linnæus’s attention to his pursuit was for a while suspended; and he stooped to survey alternately these pleasing scenes. In the mean

time, the sun setting in full glory beneath the waves, caused the horizon to exhibit the brightest colours of the rainbow, and these gradually fading, the starry concave of heaven began to be enlightened by the rising moon. But soon the scene was changed, the whole sky became veiled with thick clouds, and a distant roaring proclaimed the approach of a dreadful storm.—Already the rain descended in vast torrents the heavens blazed with lightning, and the rocks resounded with loud claps of thunder. Linnæus, filled with terror, was seeking where to shelter himself, when a voice from a cave, (whence there suddenly issued a gleam of light bade him approach and consider what he saw. With trembling he obeyed, and entered a spacious cavern, adorned on all sides with pointed chrystals, which had been formed by water distilling from the rock, and which, reflecting the light that proceeded from a golden lamp hanging in the midst, made it as bright as day. Here he found a venerable old man, in a loose robe of purple, ornamented with ermine, who had before him a large concave mirror, and in his hand a golden rod; he seemed calm and serene, and approached Linnæus with a smile of complacency that dissipated all his fears. “Behold,” said he, “thy sincerest friend, who has desired thy happiness, and long sought to discover himself to thee. I would gladly always abide with thee, but the state of things in this world forbids it; and I can only use favorable opportunities of conversing with thee; at such times I would make thee partaker of my riches, and they will continue forever. Seest thou this mirror? observe attentively what it representeth to thee.”

Having thus spoke before Linnæus could reply, he waved his wand and immediately there appeared a garden that had been lately planted: the trees were covered with a bright green, and began to shoot forth their various blooms on every part, and to fill the air with fragrant sweets. But suddenly there came forth those who had the care of the plantation, and stripped them of all their boughs and verdure, leaving only the bare and unadorned trunks, which instead of the pleasant scene that before presented itself to the view, afforded only a dismal and barren prospect. Soon, however, there were grafted upon these, fresh branches of all kinds; and again they sprung to a more delightful verdure, and produced more fragrant blossoms, and in the end the finest fruits, and went on increasing in beauty, strength and usefulness.

Linnæus was filled with admiration, and began diligently to observe their various kinds, that he might know to what classes they belonged, when the venerable old man interrupted his speculations, and thus addressed himself to him.

“Know that no evil is permitted but for good, and that the shortness of life which thou

lamentedst, is consistent with the designs of a wise and gracious God, the tender father of all created beings.—Thou sawest the plants beautiful and pleasing to the sight, and it perhaps displeased thee that they were so soon stripped of their glory, and prevented from attaining that perfection to which they seemed to be tending: but thou sawest also, that thereby they became in the end more beautiful, and instead of continuing useless objects, only pleasing to the sight, yielded the finest and most delicious fruits. So it is with man. His days are short, during which he exists in an imperfect state of being, and he is quickly removed from thence, to flourish in that more exalted station for which he was created. In this world he begins to exert the powers of his mind, and to inquire after knowledge, and having obtained some small portion of wisdom, to promise himself a great increase, and to form plans of much improvement, and of perfection in what he has undertaken; but being designed for pursuits of a still nobler kind, he has a period put to his existence and progress here; he is like the plants that thou sawest, deprived of his first beauty and lustre, in order to be exalted to a more glorious state, and to be adorned with higher faculties, that shall he glory on his human nature, and by the assistance of them, he shall attain to the utmost his soul can desire.

“It must not be revealed to man too clearly what are the glories of that exalted state, lest he should be unwilling to remain his appointed time in this, and rushing immaturity into it, should fail in the desired end; but he is permitted to have some faint glimpses to quicken his desires, and his endeavors to fit himself for it. What happiness must there be in a state, wherein man shall have before him a prospect of existence to all eternity, without meeting with any obstacle to put a stop to his pursuits? wherein he shall have leisure thoroughly to contemplate and investigate all the ways and works of God, and to gain a perfect knowledge thereof, observing accurately every thing that exists, and learning its place, its order and design?”

“What enjoyments in a state, wherein he may be permitted to learn the history of this world, through which he shall have passed, and of all its revolutions; of the actions and ways of men, and of the dealings of God with them!—wherein he may learn the history of other worlds, visible and invisible, and the scheme of Divine Providence with regard to the whole! and reflecting thereon, may become acquainted with all the attributes of the Deity; and being filled with unfeigned love and adoration, may draw near to the Most High, and see him as he is!”

Linnæus was in rapture at these words; he no longer lamented his condition:—he became

serenely was not destitute of charms for them they cautiously avoided every opportunity of ex-

amours! On uttering these words, she burst into a flood of tears. Her father himself, op-

the question was put to her, which of the two she would chuse, if the election were now free-



suddenly contented with the shortness of his days and even wished to arrive at the end of them : —but conscious how much attention and care it required to reach that desirable period in such a manner as to have well grounded hopes of enjoying the state of happiness he so earnestly wished for, he addressed himself to the sage, to beg his direction and instruction. "Venerable monitor," he cried, "teach me, O! teach me how to live, so that I may attain an happy end." But such was the fervor and solicitude of his mind that he awoke, and lo! that which he had seen and heard was but a dream.

#### FOR THE DESSERT.

#### AMELIA.

#### A FRAGMENT.

WHEN will he return? cried Amelia, in a desponding accent. My heart is heavy—my mind prefigures the approach of some fearful incident. An air of solemn mystery surrounds me, and shakes my resolution. How gloomy is every object. Alas! no news of him who is alone master of my fate. Cruel suspense! wretched uncertainty! Perhaps—O heaven! the idea distracts me! Perhaps even now he is a prey to the fell pestilence which spares neither age, nor sex. Why would he rush into danger! Why risk himself so inestimably precious! The ties of nature impelled him on. It was indeed nobly human, and altogether worthy of his heroic and exalted nature. And yet what my reason approves, the coercive voice of love perversely regrets. I sink under the weight of insupportable apprehensions. His image appears before me convulsed with agony. Sometimes he is present to my imagination lifeless and inanimate, his expressive eyes sealed in eternal night. Preserve, O preserve him, righteous Father, and compose my agitated spirits!

It was midnight.—Silence and sleep usurped their dominion. The dark forest gently moved with the hollow wind which murmured through its recesses. The anxious and care-worn mind at such a time and place might meditate even to madness. Amelia threw herself sorrowfully on her couch, but in vain invoked repose. Busy fancy conjured images replete with horror, and tears unbidden bedewed her pillow. At this terrific hour, a loud and reiterated knocking at the door, shook the solitary mansion. The sound fell like the weight of death on Amelia's heart! Palsied with unutterable anticipations she lay almost inanimate and in breathless expectation of her impending doom. She listened, and heard a discordant voice pronounce "*he was buried yesterday.*" It was enough. The ultimate completion of earthly misery. The overwhelming tide of grief rendered her still immovably silent. Like the inanimate marble no words, sighs or tears announced her an inhabitant of earth.

At length returning life rendered her capable of perception, and the tidings confirming his dissolution, assailed her ears. Amelia's fears had proved prophetic. And her ardent dream of

happiness was forever blotted. Even the last gleam of hope disappeared, and unutterable pangs tortured her tender heart!

Feelings of a firmer texture have been unable to sustain a shock less afflictive. Hence her reason was vanquished, but feverish life still played around her heart.

Rising from her couch, she rushed with wild perturbation, phrenzied aspect, and all the sad concomitants of distraction. To the forest she winged her almost supernatural flight. Unmindful of the settled gloom, the numerous impediments in her way, or the opposing brambles which tore her delicate limbs, she gained the summit of an aspiring mountain, whose threatening brow projected over the deep wood below. And now, she exclaimed with wild rapture, I have rescued my beloved.—Behold his dear smile of the purest love and most fervent gratitude.—Ah! do not leave your Amelia! Stay O stay, am I not your friend! Repose your aching head on my fond breast.—I will bind up your beating temples, nay I will pray for your recovery.—You loved me once, I believed your vows.—They are registered in my heart, see! the characters are legible.—We have enemies, indeed we have.—They told me you were dead. Come let us fly from hence, quick! quick!—The winds roar, the waves beat upon the rocks, the leaves fall, yet he returns not.—I'll hear no more tales of love;—I am too credulous.—Now since the storm has ceased, and the thunders roll no more, I'll sit under this pleasant shade and sing.—Yes, I will go—they never shall part us more!—Here the frantic Amelia plunged from the dizzy height!—

N.

#### THE TWIN-BROTHERS OF MEZZORANIA.

#### A MEZZORANIAN TALE.

AMIDST the extensive wilds of Africa lies a territory, the inhabitants whereof are as numerous, and even as civilized as the Chinese. They are all called the Mezzoranians.

Two twin-brothers of this country, which is still so little known to our geographers, were both enamoured of a young lady, who equally favoured them both. The two lovers and the fair-one chanced to meet together at the festival instituted in honour of the sun. This festival was solemnized twice in the year; because, as the kingdom lay between the two tropics, yet somewhat more on this side the line, it had two springs and two summers. At the commencement of every spring season, this adoration was paid to the great luminary throughout all the nomes or districts of the land. It was celebrated in the open air, to denote that the sun was the immediate cause of all the productions of nature. They made an offering to it of five small pyramids of frankincense in golden dishes. Five youths and an equal number of virgins are named by the magistrates to place them on the altar, where they remain till the fire has con-

sumed them. Each of these young persons is dressed in the colour of their nome, and wears a dindem on the head.

One of the two brothers, with the damsel of whom we are speaking, composed the first couple who were to place the incense on the altar. This done, they saluted one another. It was customary for them now to change their places; the youth going over to the side of the virgin, and she coming to his. When the five pair have done in this manner, then follow all the standers-by in the same order, by which means they have an opportunity of seeing each other completely.

It is here that commonly such as have not hitherto made their choice, determine upon one; and as it depends solely upon the determination of the damsel, the young man takes all imaginary pains to win the love of her whom he has selected from the rest. For avoiding every species of misunderstanding and jealousy, the maiden, when the young man pleases her, takes from him a flower not yet fully blown, which he offers to her acceptance, and sticks it in her bosom. But, has she already entered into some engagement, she gives him to understand as much, by shewing him a flower; and, if this be only a bud, then it is a sign that he will make her the first proposal; if it be half blown, it implies that her love has already made some progress; but if it be fully blown, the virgin thereby betokens that her choice is made, and that she cannot now retract it. So long, however, as she does not publicly wear this token, it is always free for her to do as she pleases.

If she be free, and the man that offers her the flower is not agreeable to her, she makes him a profound reverence, and shuts her eyes till he is retired. Indeed, at times, it happens here, as well as in other places, though but rarely, that she disguises herself to her lover. If a man be already contracted, he likewise bears a token.—Such maidens as have yet met with no lover, have it in their choice either to remain virgins, or to inscribe themselves among the widows, which, if they do, they can only be married to a widower. But let us return to our twin-brothers.

The brother, who stood at the altar with the young damsel, felt as violent a passion for her, as she did for him. They were so very intent upon the ceremony, that they forgot to give each other the accustomed signs. On her leaving the altar, the other brother saw her, became enamoured of her, and found opportunity, when the ceremony was over, for presenting her with a flower. She accepted it at his hands, as being fully persuaded that it was the person who had just before been with her at the altar. But, as she took herself away in some haste with her companions, she imperceptibly dropped the token she received. The elder brother accosted her once more, and offered her a flower. "Ah," said she to herself, in an amiable confusion, "is it the very same!" and took it likewise. The young man, who heard this, imagined for certain that it meant him: but as the law allowed them to remain no longer together, they departed their several ways.

(To be concluded in our next.)

And all around, one dreary waste of snow;  
Will you not then, a sigh in sorrow heave,  
For the lost pleasures of a summer's eve,  
Recall the time when you so oft have seen,  
Thy hapless lover on the verdant green,

Such notes as birds in heaven alone can raise;  
Such notes as Orpheus' self might learn to hear,  
And force from Pluto's soul the melting tear.  
Yes, Charlotte's self, my sad remains shall see,  
And Charlotte's tender heart will heave a sigh for me.

Or depravity.

SAMUEL F. BRADFORD,  
EDITOR & PROPRIETOR.



# The Dessert

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 1.

FOR THE DESSERT.

## THE IMPORTANCE OF AN EARLY EDUCATION,

Addressed to the YOUNG LADIES of  
PHILADELPHIA.

INDEPENDENT of the real utility attached to a good education in your intercourse with the world, it is a perennial fountain of the most refined and rational delight. Those of you, for example, who have fortunately imbibed a taste for reading, can witness how great and enviable the felicity you have experienced from the perusal of ingenious and instructive authors. Nor is immediate gratification alone contemplated. The effects are permanent: and in this respect amusements of every description sink to a point in the contrast. Being merely external, they please for a moment and expire. No trace remains. Nor is their extreme evanescence a subject of regret, but rather of gratulation, since the recollection seldom affords other than painful emotions. In the hours of solitude and anguish, reading will prove an ample substitute for company, and extinguish, at least suspend, the sense of misery, and the dictates of accumulated wisdom acquired by perseverance, will naturally inspire that energy of mind and dignity of thought, which will teach you to stem the torrent of adversity. Although at present you may not deeply contemplate approaching trouble, yet a moment's reflection will teach you that no situation is exempted from it, that no foresight can wholly repel those inevitable sorrows, annexed to human imperfection. The youthful mind alive to pleasures; and as yet unconscious of affliction, flies off, in silent disgust, from solemn monitions, and will not realize the anxieties which age is doomed to experience. Those indeed (and I fondly hope the number is not small) who can detach from their varied amusements a portion of time for study and reflection, must perceive the truth of the preceding remark, and the perception of it, will induce you to make exertions, to alleviate unavoidable distress by the pursuit of knowledge and the consequent practice of virtue.

The present is a period peculiarly auspicious. You are not only permitted to an equal participation of knowledge; but a conviction of the importance of it also generally prevails. Advocates for the rights of women have exerted themselves with a success, commensurate with the glory of their cause.

The reign of darkness was long and severe. Arbitrary custom for successive centuries swayed an uncontrolled dominion, and females were doomed to pine in ignorance, and the attendant on ignorance—contempt. But the empire of truth and reason at length triumphed. The bands of slavery were burst asunder, and those sacred rights violated for ages, were successfully exerted, and with dignity assumed.

It is a duty which you owe yourselves to sacrifice trifles, when set in competition with learning, as no succeeding endeavours can compensate for youthful negligence. Life is truly valuable to those who possess information, but to the unenlightened it is little else than a desolate blank. The want of cultivation obscures intellectual dignity, the indestructible germ of truth is enveloped in a maze of error, and mental superiority lies dormant, incapable of exertion.

To express your ideas with propriety, perspicuity and elegance must be esteemed of high importance. It is indeed an accomplishment which invariably announces a refined and liberal mind.

Those who have not acquired a regular education, are not only utterly incapable of expressing their sentiments in writing, but are of course deficient in conversation. Uninformed females being divested of proper internal resources, in order to supply materials for conversation are compelled to resort to subjects either of a trifling or unamiable tendency. Some indeed from nature possess a flippancy of speech; but it is unornamented by real elegance, purity or grace.

Thus, young Ladies, you must be convinced that nothing can compensate the loss of an education. Pleasure may decorate her blandishments in the most fascinating colours, and exhibit to the deluded fancy a diversified train of enjoyments—riches may allure by the proffer of unrestrained indulgence, or captivate by a display of imaginary power, still they must yield the palm to a cultivated mind, and fade before intrinsic mental refinement. Fortune in all the glitter of pomp and sway, can ill supply the place of permanent knowledge; nor can the

most finished elegance and symmetry of shape and face, prove an adequate substitute for mental deformity. To realize the worth of erudition is your interest and glory, and justly to appreciate its excellence, you must pursue the studies daily inculcated, with unabated ardor. The substantial harvest of delight connected with intense application, is great indeed; not mutable or uncertain. Learn then to estimate the value of time by unceasing improvement. Many anxious eyes are directed towards you, and many hearts dilate with transport or agonize with grief, as they perceive your behaviour to be praiseworthy or the reverse. Add not misery to the natural and painful solicitude experienced by your parents and friends; convince them by a laudable perseverance that their happiness is interwoven in your hearts, and that you possess a just idea of the infinite importance of early KNOWLEDGE.

N.

## Hall of Hymen.

—MARRIED—

—On Monday evening the 26th inst. at Gloucester, N. J. by the Rev. Mr. Croes, ELISHA CLARK, Esq. of Woodbury to Miss ELOISA CLARK, of Gloucester.

—On the 13th inst. by the Rev. Dr. Rogers, Mr. RICHARD E. SMITH to Miss HANNAH HILTZHEIMER, both of this city.

—On the 29th inst. by Robert Wharton, Esq. Mr. THOMAS GREEVES, merchant, to Miss MARY EMLIN, both of Philadelphia.

—On Thursday the 29th inst. at Friend's meeting in Pine street, Dr. WISTAR to ELIZABETH MIFELIN, daughter of George Mifflin deceased.

## Repository of Death.

—DIED—

—On Thursday morning the 15th inst. at Westerly in the state of Rhode Island, in the 39th year of her age, Mrs. LYDIA NOYES, wife of Thomas Noyes, Esq. and sister of the Rev. Dr. William Rogers of this city.

—On Monday the 26th inst. SAMUEL CALDWELL, Esq. Clerk of the Circuit and District Courts of the United States for the district of Pennsylvania.

—On Wednesday the 28th inst. Mrs. FRIES, the consort of Mr. John Fries, merchant—a lady much respected, and whose loss will be regretted by all who knew her.

remourner was not destitute of charms for them; they cautiously avoided every opportunity of ex-

cesses! On uttering these words, she burst into a flood of tears. Her father himself, op-

the question was put to her, which of the two she would chuse, if the election were now free-





## FOR THE DESSERT.

### ALFRED'S EPIGRAPH.

LIFELESS and pale, beneath this marbled earth,  
Reclines a youth who keen misfortune knew;  
Nor *form* nor *grandeur* mark'd his humble birth,  
Nor *wealth* around her dazzling splendors threw!

In life's fair dawn, inured to rural sports,  
He pass'd the playful tenor of his days,  
Remote from all the pageantry of courts,  
The camp's deep clangor and the city's blaze.

Ere o'er his head full fourteen years had flown,  
While scarce he look'd beyond the present hour,  
Condemn'd to tread life's rugged paths alone,  
The gathering clouds of fate began to lower.

Of as he pass'd the rocky ways along,  
Fierce from the clouds the dismal lightning broke,  
And thunder, in a voice severe and strong,  
Announc'd the approach of some disastrous stroke.

By learning mov'd, by emulation fir'd,  
Still, still, he trod o'er academic ground,  
While, all indulgent, mid his walks retir'd,  
Fair Science design'd to shed her twilight round!

And sometimes *friendship* threw a transient gleam,  
And sometimes *love* his foster influence shed;  
But faithless friendship vanish'd like a dream,  
And Love inconsistent wav'd his wings and fled.

Of did the kind, indulgent Muses come  
To strew with flowers fair his favourite way,  
With verdant bays to deck his peaceful home,  
And suddenly shed her intel'ectual day.

At length embark'd on the vast sea of life,  
No adverse tempest swept along his sails,  
No clouds announc'd an elemental strife;  
But all was sunshine, all were prosperous gales.

Kind fortune smil'd propitious on his head,  
He found a *fair* whom all his soul admir'd;  
Eternal friendship round her mantle spread,  
And mutual love their faithful bosoms fir'd.

Here stranger pause!—nor farther learn the tale!  
Why rack your breast with unavailing woes!  
Almeria's prayers and tears could nought prevail,  
For lo! her Alfred's *relics* here repose!

When dire Disasters with dark envenom'd breath,  
With dreadful sweep laid ghastly thousands low,  
He sprang to arrest the giant hand of death,  
But sank himself beneath the wasteful blow!

O! may the Muses visit oft the spot,  
Where yonder yews and mingling willows wave!  
May Fays, each night, mistake their sparry cot,  
And move in sad procession round his grave!

August 7th, 1793.

\* The yellow fever which prevailed in Philadelphia in the  
Summer and Autumn of ninety-eight.

And all around, one dreary waste of snow;  
Wilt you not then, a sigh in sorrow heave,  
For the lost pleasures of a summer's eve,  
Recall the time when you so oft have seen,  
Thy hapless lover on the verdant green,

## FOR THE DESSERT.

### A POEM.

Written March 15, 1793.

WHY lids attention's ear in vain,  
To catch anew the nervous strain?  
Or say, who shall attempt to sweep  
The slacken'd string consign'd to silent sleep?  
Since thy poetic notes sunk from my ear,  
How vacant, Alfred, is the passing year!  
When thy bold fingers press'd the obedient string,  
No rival candidate essay'd to sing;  
None other voice attempted to engage,  
(Er, envious, hush tho' plauding due thy glowing page;  
H w, then, if hence thy muse, reclin'd from view,  
For us, no more in ink her pen imbue,  
How then, alas! shall other bards aspire,  
To touch with confidence the trembling lyre?  
Will Epicures, when feasting on the belt,  
Relish those dishes more inferior dress?  
Or, if the Connoisseur the spinnet leave,  
Will the hoarse banjo his nice ear deceive?  
Alfred, what new delights must we explore,  
If thy soft breath shall undulate no more?  
"Ah! tune ul hard, whose loss we all must grieve,  
"A last farewell from one unknown receive;  
"Could but my pen with magic force prevail,  
"Ne'er, Alfred, should'st thou spread th' unfriendly sail;  
"But hincethous, driven by adverse fate, must go,  
"Be thine the pleasure, ours alone the woe!  
"Yet surely, Alfred, if thou should'st once more,  
"By prosperous gales be borne to this blest shore,  
"Thy muse again will tune the vocal lay,  
"And gently heal the lingering soul away;  
"Again will sweetly charm the aching eye throng,  
"With all the elegance of classic song!  
"Cold was the unfeeling breast that could refuse,  
"A parting tribute to so sweet a muse;  
"Envious the hand that would attempt to tear  
"The laurel chapter from thy flowing hair,"  
Not such his wish who now attempts the lyre—  
Warm'd by a spark of thy celestial fire,  
Inspir'd by these, his muse has dared the flight,  
Pays homage to thy lays—then sinks to endless night!

\* Bridg's Album: 2 vol. p. 101.

ALA.

### A SEA SIDE SONNET.

On the brink of the beach, as I silently roam'd,  
My sorrows I mark'd on the wave-soften'd sand,  
Loud blew the wild winds, and the white billows foam'd,  
And threw the salt fleeces of surf on the strand.  
Fast flow'd in the tide, yet regardless I stood,  
And felt the white billows advance to my feet,  
The sand marks of sorrow were lost in the flood,  
And the spray of the storm on my bare bosom beat.  
In the story of woe not a thought could I trace,  
Not the wreck of a word, and I fail to the sea,  
"Ah! if thus you the story of woe can efface,  
"Your bounty might fare the extended to me.  
"If e'er I remain on thy billow-beat shore,  
"No friend new or hard, in false pity to save,  
"My woes, like their story, would quickly be o'er,  
"And both owe to thee, foaming Ocean, a grave."  
The billows roll'd on, when something within,  
More strong than the ocean, thus seem'd to reply,  
"Man no tenderer shall do; e'er in sorrow his sin,  
"I felt the command, and obey'd with a sigh.

Such notes as bards in heaven alone can raise;  
Such notes as Orpheus' self might learn to hear,  
And force from Pluto's soul the melting tear.  
Yes, Charlotte's self, my sad remains shall see,  
And Charlotte's tender heart will heave a sigh for me.

## HISTORIC PASSAGEL.

No. 1.

(To be continued).

EPAMINONDAS, the great Theban general,  
gained the celebrated battle of *Mantineia*; but,  
before the scale of victory declared in his fa-  
vour, he received a javelin in his breast, whose  
effect, within a few hours after the fight, prov'd  
mortal.

Being carried into his tent, and having re-  
covered his speech, he asked his attendants,  
"What is become of my shield? is it safe or have  
the enemy taken it?" On its being produced to  
him, he kissed it with a transport of joy;—his  
next enquiry was, "who are conquerors?"—  
"The Thebans," answered they;—to which  
he replied, "Then all is well: I have lived  
long enough, if I die unsubdued at last." In  
trying to withdraw the javelin from his breast,  
the shaft, which was of wood, broke, and left  
the point, which was of iron and barbed, buried  
deep in the wound. On being given to under-  
stand by his surgeons, that, so soon as the re-  
minder of the weapon should be extracted,  
death must inevitably ensue, he said, with the  
most intrepid serenity, "Think not that this day  
puts a period to my life! No, on this day my happi-  
ness begins, and my glory receives its perfection. I  
leave my country victorious—the power of her ene-  
my broken, and Greece in general emancipated from  
slavery." Some of the by-standers expressed a  
regret that so great a man should die childless.  
To whom the expiring hero answered, "My  
friends, you are mistaken, EPAMINONDAS does  
not quit the world without issue; I leave be-  
hind me two daughters LEUCTRA and MAN-  
TINEA."

Cornelius Nepos takes notice of a circum-  
stance which throws additional rays of dignity  
on the death of Epaminondas; viz that, upon  
being assured his wound was incurable, and the  
extinction of life would immediately follow the  
extraction of the steel; he abstained from dying  
(if I may so speak,) and nobly kept himself in vo-  
luntary torture, by refusing to pull out the in-  
fixed weapon, till he had received indubitable  
information of his forces having gained the day.  
Then it was that he uttered the sublime speech-  
es above mentioned;—calmly drew out, with  
his own hand, the fragment of the javelin from  
his breast; and in an ecstasy of triumph expir-  
ed. Nepos relates these fine incidents with such  
concise eloquence, that must be gratifying to ev-  
ery reader of taste. *At Epaminondas equum,  
animadvertet mortiferum se vulnus accepisse, sim-  
ulque, si ferrum, quod ex hastili in corpore remane-  
ret, extraxisset, animam statim emissurum; usque  
TO RETINUIT, quoad renuntiatus est, vicisse Bae-  
tios. Id postquam audivit SATIS, inquit, VIXI:  
INVICTUS NIM MORIOR. Tam, ferro extracto,  
confestim exanimatus est:* Nothing could exceed  
the loveliness of such painting as this, but the  
magnanimity of the great original from whom  
it is drawn.

\* Places in the neighborhood of which he had gained two il-  
lustrous victories.

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